

A MOTHER'S SMILE.

BY L. R. CARPENTER.

There are clouds that must overshade us—
There are griefs that all must know—
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest—darkest sorrow,
Though it sore the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile!

There are days in youth that greet us
With a ray too bright to last—
There are notes of age to greet us
When those sunny days are past;
But the past scenes hover o'er us,
And give back the heart awhile,
All that memory can restore us
To a mother's welcome smile!

There are scenes and sunny places
On which memory loves to dwell—
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well,
But 'mid joy or mid dejection
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection
Of a mother's welcome smile!

Miscellaneous.

THE CITY BELLE, Or Six Months in the Country.

BY MISS LUCIA J. PIERSON.

"My sweet Louisa, the doctor has informed your Pa that he can prescribe nothing further for you except six months residence in the country, which with proper care, he says may greatly alleviate your symptoms. We have consulted on the subject, and I have concluded to write to a relation of ours in Lebanon county, to know if she can accommodate and nurse you. Your Pa and I cannot possibly leave the city at present, but Sarah shall accompany you and she is careful and affectionate."

"Oh! ma, how can I live six months in the country—away from fashion, society, and all the elegancies of life?—And with no other companions than the rude, ignorant, country girls? Dear ma, I cannot think of it. I had rather stay and die here."

This conversation took place between Mrs. Henshaw and her invalid daughter, in one of the most elegantly furnished parlors in Philadelphia. Mrs. Henshaw was a leader of the fashionable circle, and her only child Louisa had been a belle from childhood. But a depression of spirits and bodily languor had for some time laid heavily over her and her health had begun rapidly to decline. Perhaps she could have explained the cause of her illness, but she did not attempt it, and her affectionate mother determined to lay upon others the burden of which she was so heartily weary; it was to her own brother she had resolved to confide her child. He was a wealthy farmer living on the very lands on which she passed her youth. Having been adopted by a wealthy and childless aunt, she had married the rich and elegant Mr. Henshaw, and had utterly forgotten the friends and home of her childhood, until it became necessary to take Louisa to the country, and then the utter impossibility of leaving the city herself awakened in her memory the idea of a brother that was once dear to her. But she spoke of him then as a relation, trusting that her daughter's pride would justify her caution. Louisa wept bitterly at the thought of leaving her parents, the city, and her acquaintances; but Mrs. Henshaw hastened the preparations, and the invalid lady with her maid were sent away, with an earnest charge to avoid damp air, and damp feet, and to write if she should grow worse.

It was the latter part of March, when they set out, but the day was exceedingly fine; Louisa wept until the carriage was some miles from the city, and the sun high in the clear heaven. Then she uncovered her face and looked out of the carriage window with a determination to see some hateful, or at least unpleasant object. But her eyes fell on neat, white dwellings and fair fields, with a soft shade of green on every swell, relieving the brown ground work, and orchard trees standing in sightly rows, while the light-winged songsters were flashing to and fro, and filling the air with their sweet chirping melody. "How beautiful!" she cried involuntarily. She was already in love with the country.

Mrs. Henshaw received several brief letters stating that Louisa was contented and that her health was improving.

"I wonder she can be contented," Mrs. Henshaw would exclaim—"a girl like Louisa, so genteel, so highly accomplished, so very delicate and sensitive, to be contented among such ignorant unpolished people! I suppose however, she is amused at the wonder and admiration of the country beaux and bells, and enjoys a sort of queenly triumph among them. How must her figure, magnificent costume, and refined language and manners contrast with the young creatures around her. I should like to see her in the rustic church, shining among them like a dew spangled rose in a field of daisies. I wonder how she gets along with the young Greys. I warrant she keeps them all at her feet, for she is a queenly girl. I should be amused to see their awkward attempts at imitating her dress, speech and manners."

Towards the last of September, Mrs. Henshaw was surprised at the receipt of a large sheet of foolscap in the form of a letter from her daughter. She was just dressing for a sailing party, so she laid it aside until the next morning, when with sundry exclamations of wonder she broke the seal. But how did her wonder increase as she read:

"Dear Father and Mother—
I have provided myself with this mammoth sheet for the purpose, and with the intention of writing you a history of my six months in the country."
"We shall find some amusement in this letter," said Mrs. Henshaw to her listening husband. "Louisa is disposed to be facetious, I see by her commencing with father and mother."

"It was Saturday evening when I arrived at Mr. Gray's and as you will remember a cold rain had succeeded the fine weather. I felt chilled and miserable, and the snug old farm house presented a most comfortable appearance. As the coach drew up the house door opened, and a pleasant looking, portly gentleman came out, saying to some person within, 'no, no, I can bring her in my arms if necessary.' He looked rather surprised as I sprang from the vehicle; he however, conducted me courteously into the parlor. But at the door I paused. It was a large apartment destitute of centre table, piano or lounge, but there was a bright wood fire burning on the hearth, and the room contained every thing necessary to comfort, and some superfluities, for before the fire stood a velvet cushioned easy chair and footstool, and my good aunt Grey with a large snowy pillow in her hands was waiting to accommodate her invalid niece. She looked curiously at me; I blushed for shame while my heart overflowed towards them for their kindness, and then the grotesqueness of my own position presented itself, and while I pressed a hand of each I burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which my uncle joined merrily."

"Girls! he cried, as soon as he could speak—'come, your cousin needs no possets or weak soup, come and shake hands with her.' The three girls entered, and while they made their compliments he went on, 'away with the big chair; all Louisa wants is employment, air and exercise. In six weeks she will be able to run a race with the fleetest beau in the township.' He then sat down beside me and enquired of you both with kindness and solicitude, until we were summoned to tea. During the evening I had leisure to observe my cousins. They were named Mary, Ellen, and Lucy. I was struck with their beauty and the propriety of every thing about them. I assure you, mother, they were perfectly elegant in their home made dresses, with white capes and aprons. When we retired for the night I found we had all to sleep in a large chamber, with a good fire in the fireplace, and two large beds standing in the opposite corners, with wash stands, and all the necessaries. Mary the eldest sat down by the table and opening a large bible began to read. I followed the example of Ellen and Lucy, and sat down and listened devoutly. When the chapter was read she said, 'let us pray,' and we knelt while she said devoutly some beautiful evening prayers: I never laid down so happy in my life before. In the morning we arose before the sun, and when we came down we found aunt busy about the breakfast, and the girls got the white pails to go and milk. I would go with them, and though I was very much afraid of the cows, I went into the yard, and soon grew so bold as to put my hand on the one Lucy was milking, and finally resolved to do as they did. I was very awkward and we all laughed heartily, but they said I would soon learn. And then the funny little calves with their innocent faces and merry gambols, oh! how I did love them. After breakfast we dressed for church. Neither of my cousins were in any way inferior in appearance to your Louisa. The congregation at the church was highly respectable in appearance, serious and devout in their demeanor, and attentive to their services. Through the week, as I observed the cheerful activity of my uncle and his family, sweeping, scouring, scrubbing, churning, baking, cooking, spinning, sewing, knitting, embroidering, sketching, and withal finding time to read and write, I grew very much ashamed of my own ignorance and helplessness, and I resolved to make myself mistress of all these useful accomplishments. They were all busy the whole day, and seemed

to take pleasure in their occupations. Oh! if you could see their happy faces as they sit at work in the evening while uncle reads aloud; and then if you could listen to our evening hymns! Such singing I never heard, so sweet, so clear, and so natural! I declare I forgot my ill health, before I had been here two days. There is much pleasure in gardening. When the girls commenced I put on laced boots as they did, and went to work digging beds, transplanting flowers, sowing seeds and training shrubs. We do not fear the dew or run from a slight shower. Such a garden as we have; such variety and abundance of flowers and vegetables, such luxuries in the form of peas, beans and sallads! I flatter myself I am quite a gardener, though at first I did not know a plant from a weed. I have also learned to make cheese. Not merely to see it done, but to perform the whole process myself. I have become proof against damp air and damp feet. You should see us gathering strawberries in the meadow while the grass is wet with dew, or raking hay at the appearance of a thunder cloud until the big drops begin to fall, and then running to the house amid the bright shower. Oh! There is no life like a country life, no pleasure like the free exercise and pleasant labor of a farmer's family. I often smile as I recall my impressions of country life and country people before I came here. I had been taught to sum up in these words all that is degrading, ignorant and vulgar. I find here on the contrary, all that is ennobling, truly great and excellent. What a poor, worthless, imbecile I was when I left home. Only fit to be waited on, dressed at an enormous expense, and admired for a season. Now I can not only superintend house-keeping, but I can bake good bread and cakes, and pies, cook meats in the most excellent manner, make butter and cheese and spin flax and wool. These are such accomplishments as grace a woman. Call country people ignorant! Why there is not a farmer's child of ten years old that might not pity the deplorable ignorance of a city belle. Nor are the minds of country people inferior in any respect, and most of them are well cultivated. Do you remember those lovely poems we so much admired in *Pateron's Magazine*? and how we wondered who the fair author who signed herself 'Ellen' might be? Well, it is my pretty little country cousin here. Does not this settle the point as to intellect? And then you know that most of our great men were farmers or farmer's sons, brought up to work until they were sent to college. A propos.—Do you remember the enthusiastic praise which the reverend professor Dr. D., spoke of a young Mr. Grey, a student in the seminary. Well, that Mr. Grey was your brother's son. I wonder you did not enquire him out, and invite him to our house. He came home just in the merry time of harvest. He is handsome, genteel and highly educated; how did he surpass any gentleman of my former acquaintance; and particularly that mincing, delicate Mr. Lassons, of whom I once fancied myself desperately enamored, and to whom was owing in part my terrible illness. In part, I say, for idleness of mind and body had a good share in producing it. I could have knelt down to him the first evening of our acquaintance, and when the next morning he put on a linen frock and a large straw hat, and took down his sickle, I thought him if possible, more captivating than before. What next? Why he says he will be a farmer, an independent, happy farmer; and, dear parents, with your consent, your daughter Louisa will be mistress of his farm, house and heart. Do not get angry, dear mother, but come, you and father, and see how happy we all are here, and how good. I know you will approve my choice and bless your affectionate daughter,

LOUISA M. HENSHAW.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Henshaw, "I agree with you, wife; there is amusement in that letter. I always told you you would get your reward for cutting your brother so unmercifully. Your cherished, only daughter, who was to marry a titled foreigner, at least, will now become the younger Mrs. Grey, a farmer's wife."

"She will not! indeed she shall not," cried Mrs. Henshaw. "It would kill me outright!" and she wept bitterly.

"But," persisted Mr. Henshaw, Louisa will do as she pleases. She is her own mistress and our only child. And I doubt not, will be a much happier, useful and respectable woman with your nephew Grey, than as the wife of the first Lord of England. We will go on and see them married."

"We will go and take our poor deluded child home," sobbed the lady.

"But you know, said the teasing gentleman, the doctor ordered her to stay in the country six months. You

surely would not defy the doctor? Louisa would certainly die if we should take her away before the six months have expired."

Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw left town the next day, and after a pleasant journey came in sight of the venerable mansion with its sheltering elms, noble orchards and extensive fields, in which the lady was born, and where she sported away her childhood; but which she had not seen before since she was in her fourteenth year. Now as she looked upon it, many a tender memory arose from every pleasant spot, and she wept for very tenderness and fond regret. Passing the orchard they saw a group of lovely girls chatting and laughing as they gathered the large, fair apples into baskets, which a noble looking young man carried and emptied into a wagon for use.

"There is our daughter and son in law," said Mr. Henshaw with assumed gravity.

"God bless them," cried Mrs. Henshaw, with energy. "I have been a fool, and now I feel that sixty years of artificial life in a city were well exchanged with all its pride and circumstances, for the true happiness which that dear girl has enjoyed during her six months in the country."

A WESTERN LOVE LETTER.

The Cincinnati Humorist a new paper recently started, contains the following epistle from a 'gull' in Illinois to her 'lovely' in Pennsylvania.

Suspendersburg, Away in the Illinois-land, April the 2th.

1,000—eight hundred and 30 nine.

My Dear Dear Henry—I embrace this present opportunity to let you know how I am and a spell of the night, and I hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same God's Blessing! Why don't you only write a sweet line to tell your sufferin' Kathrin all about her pretty sweet Henry. Oh my sweet Henry—my turkle dove—my piggie—my dear dear Henry—how my poor sole is longing for your sweet voice—think I here him singing yanky-doodle as he hums from his plow now. Mary mellen has got a babe! Oh my dear Henry do 'em out and let's get married.

so no more at present, but remain your loving

KATHRIN AN TILDEN.

P. S. Part Second.—Joems Basslett has razed a new house, and Sally does live so snug but she has lost sometimes when he's a little anthyony over. My sweet Henry lets us keep house, and if you love me, I won't look at nobody else, so I want, Daddy, says as how I must git married, because I've let it run on too long already.

so no more at present. K. A. T.

P. S.—Part Third.

my pen is bad, my ink is pail, my luv to you shall never fail, for Henry is my own true luv, my Larke, my Duck, my Turkle Dav.

so no more at present.

K. A. TILDEN.

P. S. Noty Beem—Mother's ded.

and Robert has the Fever,

so no more at present from you

lyuvvin'.

CATHRIN AN TILDEN.

To my Dear Henry over the Nally,

ghances in the Pennsylvania States,

to be, to do, or to suffer, (which is all the grammar, and enough too, as ever I was taught,) and if there's a verb alive, I'm it—for I'm always a bein', sometimes a doin', and continually sufferin'!"—[Chazlerit.

A man, killing hogs, became vexed, and venting his spleen, wished they were in hell. "O, dear me, mother, what can he mean?" exclaimed his daughter. "Mean! I s'pose he wants his provisions sent on beforehand."

EXAMPLE.—"I say, stranger, you're drunk!" "Drunk enough, and have been these two years. My brother and I are engaged in the temperance cause—he goes about delivering lectures, and I give samples of intemperance."

LOUISIANA STEAM MILL.

Corn Ground at Four cents per Bushel!

THE SUBSCRIBERS are now grinding Corn at four cents per Bushel, payable in Cash or Produce, at market price, or will exchange Corn meal for Corn, Bushel per Bushel.

G. W. JENKS & Co.

January 18th, 1845. 4w10.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber would inform the public, that he has commenced the above business, in Bowling-Green, in the shop formerly occupied by Jas. M. S. ley, where the farmers and others can at all times, have their work done on reasonable terms. All kinds of produce will be taken in payment for work, at fair prices. H. N. WILBUR, Bowling-Green, Jan. 11, 1845. 3m9

Our New Volume.

MOST MAGNIFICENT PREMIUMS!

Great Inducements to Clubs!

ON the 16th of March, 1844, commenced the Fourteenth Volume of his Universal Family Newspaper, "The Philadelphia Saturday Courier," the Proprietors of which, confidently relying upon the uprightness, judiciousness, and independence of its course, ever since it came into their possession, as ample guarantee for the future, offer for the present volume the following unequalled Premiums and inducements to Clubs.

To Postmasters, Agents, and others.

PREMIUMS.

For one hundred new subscribers to the 14th volume, with the subscription price, (\$2 each) in advance, we will give as a Premium a complete copy of Auldabon's Great Work—the Birds of America!! (Selling price, \$100.) Library Companies or Literary Societies, may easily obtain this great Premium for their institutions.

For fifteen new names, with \$2 each, a copy of Harper's Magnificently Illustrated Pictorial Bible, with sixteen hundred engravings!

For ten new names, with \$2 each, a copy of the Encyclopedia of Geography, an invaluable work of 1300 pages.

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For fifteen Dollars, ten copies of the Courier will be sent one copy, and a copy of The Farmers Encyclopedia, with 1160 pages of invaluable knowledge for Farmers, innumerable explanatory cuts, &c., or a copy of Sparks' Life of Washington, with 14 plates.

All these works are in a form to send by mail. Postmasters are allowed by law to frank orders and money for newspapers.

CLUBS AND CIRCULARS.

For the purpose of facilitating the formation of Clubs, of new and old subscribers, now in arrears, we offer the following:

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS.

Three copies of the Saturday Courier 1 year, or one copy for three years. 10

7 copies of the Saturday Courier, 15

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Five copies of the Saturday Courier, one copy of Godley's Lady's Book, or Graham's Magazine, and one of either of the other Magazines, 10

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, and one copy of Frost's new Pictorial History of America, a \$5 book, 10

In fact, whatever offer is made, by any other Family Journal, at all approaching in worth, beauty, or pretensions, to the Saturday Courier, will be furnished by us.

A. M. MAKIN & E. HOLDEN,

Publishers, No. 97, Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

The Chime of Cheapness!

THE BOSTON NOTION

OR

UNIVERSAL FAMILY JOURNAL.

Only \$1 per year.

WHEN TAKEN IN CLUBS OF TEN!

ON the first of January, 1844, the price of the Boston Notion was reduced to only One Dollar per annum, when taken in Clubs of Ten. Four copies, \$5 per annum—1 copy \$2 per annum. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. This very great reduction from the former price of the Notion makes it emphatically the cheapest paper published in the world! Its Mammoth Dimensions taken into consideration renders it one hundred per cent. cheaper than its cotemporaries, the New World and Brother Jonathan, and fifty per cent. cheaper than any of the Dollar Weekly's! Nothing but an extraordinary large edition—say 20 to 30,000—warrants this extraordinary cheapness.

The Notion is printed on extra-fine paper, and in superior style, and continues the same wide range of literary novelties and general news as heretofore. Novels, Tales, Romances, Scientific and Religious matter—Agriculture, Oddities and Fun for the Million—Splendid Illustrations engraved expressly for the paper—Congressional Reports and the General News of the Day—continues to form the general weekly ingredients of its columns. There is each week something in it to suit every taste; and nothing of an objectionable character will ever be allowed to tarnish its columns. It is in all respects the

most valuable and unexceptionable Family Newspaper in the United States!!

The first number under this new arrangement was published on Saturday, Jan. 6, 1844, and in that number was commenced a Laughter moving Novel, being a humorous companion to Valentine Vox; which work alone rendered the Boston Notion when it was first established the most popular weekly in the United States. This new novel is entitled

SYLVESTER SOUND,

The Sonambulist.

By the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." The chapters each week are embellished with a highly finished illustration representing the humorous scenes in the work. The author in his preface says:—"The character of the work will be essentially humorous; but as the thrilling as well as the laughter-moving scenes a Sonambulist may create are innumerable, the object proposed is to excite alternately the deepest interest and the most joyous mirth, by the portrayal of the extraordinary positions in which a man who acts upon his dreams may be placed, and the highly ridiculous terror he may inspire." From the chapters we have published of this novel, we are satisfied it will be more popular than was "Valentine Vox." It is now in course of publication in London, and we have made arrangements to receive the different numbers in advance of all others, so the public may rest assured that we shall not be forestalled by any other paper in its publication.

Another new feature of the Notion is the publication occasionally of a number of humorous cuts after the style of the London Punch. These will all be engraved in the finest style, and will never be offensive in their character.

With these increased improvements and attractions, and the very great reduction in prices, bring one-half, we again launch the Boston Notion upon the sea of Popular Favor, and feel assured it will quickly arrive at the harbor of Triumphant Success.

Orders should be addressed to the undersigned. Postmasters remitting an order for Ten copies shall be entitled to an extra copy for their own use.

Back numbers of the Notion from the commencement of "Sylvester Sound," will be furnished to all new subscribers.

GEORGE ROBERTS,

Publisher Boston Notion,

No. 3 and 5, State St., Boston.

List of Letters.

REMAINING in the Post-office at Bowling Green, Mo., on the 21st day of December, 1844, which if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post office as dead letters:

Eleanor Adams,	John Cross,
James W. Brown,	Perry Curry,
Galton & Hare,	Henderson Lawrence,
Wm. T. Egan,	H. Early,
Eliza Fields,	N. J. Fullerton,
John Givens,	John Hawkins,
Samuel Kitchum,	J. Lahr,
John McGee,	John McQuire,
George Smith,	Wm. W. Staley,
Thos. Stubblefield,	John Scott,
Robert Wallace,	Wash. Treadway,
Sally Wilberger,	John C. Welborn,
	Henry Wootin,

H. G. EDWARDS, P. M.

January 4th, 1844. 3w4

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has obtained of the Clerk of the County Court of Pike County, letters of Administration on the estate of Wm. H. Tinsley, dec'd, bearing date Nov. 28th, 1844, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within three years, they will be forever barred.

CHARLES BACON, Adm'r.

December 14th, 1844. 3w—6

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has obtained of the Clerk of the County Court of Montgomery Co., letters of Administration on the estate of Anthony T. Williams, dec'd, bearing date Nov. 1, 1844, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within three years, they will be forever barred.

THOS. J. WILLIAMS, Adm'r.

December 21, 1844. 3w7.

GEORGE W. BUCKNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BOWLING GREEN, MO.

JOB WORK.

Done at low rates at this Office.